WHEN IT WAS DARK--STORY OF A GREAT CONSPIRACY

Guy Thonne's Religious Novel Which Has Created a Great Sensation in America and Europe. (Copyright 1904 by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

were divinely protected from that the spiritual body is

tise of the late Frederick W rs (the man who, of all moderns appreciated the personality of

biships and usades of the Convocation holder at London in the year 16c2 for the avoid-ing of diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true re-

"England was at that time-alas, how often has it been so!-inclined to compro-

mise.

There were timld men amongst the great divines who brought us out of Babylon, and the 4th article of title Thirty-nine was notoriously drawn up in antagonism to the teaching of the holy Silesian nobleman, Caspar Schwenekfeld, to satisfy the scuples of this sacredotal party, which clung to the benefices of the Establishment then as now.

clung to the benchees of the Establishment then as now.

"The omission of twelve words would remove all doubt as to its interpretation. We may be content to affirm that 'Chirst did truly rise again from death' without stating further 'and took again his body with flesh, bones, and all things appertainin.'

with flesh, bones, and all things appertainin.

"It has always been the curse of Chirstendom that man desired to express in words the ineffable.

"Intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vanly puffed up Ty his fleshly mind."

"But it need not now be difficult with the aid of a Protestant Parliament, which has so recently and so glorlously determined on the expulsion of sacerdotalists, to modify, in deference to plous scruples, too rigid definitions. Time will suffice for these necessary modifications of sixteenth-century theology.

"In the present, the gain is ours. We shall hear less of the cultus of the Sacred Heart' in future. The blasphemous miniery of the Mass will perish from amongst us.

"No man, in England at least, will dare to affirm that the flesh in which the Savior hore our sins upon the cross is exposed for adoration on the so-called 'altar.'

"As Matthew Arnold put it, on the true grave of Jesus 'the Syrian stars look down,' but the risen Christ, glorious in His Spiritual, Body, reigns over the hearts of His true followers, and we look forward in faith to our departure from the earthly tahernacle, which is dissolved day by day, knowing that we also have a spiritual house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

trimped-up system of adherence to it, filled him with bitter antagonism.

But, useful as the article was as showing the turn many mon's minds were taking, there was no time to trouble about it now.

who still believed Christ died and rose again form the dead was to be held. The terrible "Report" had been is-

assurance came to him, he seemed so very near to the Lord, that doubt and gloom fled before that Presence.

oke with His servant, bidding him

hapel and swung their arms in orde

o keep warm. On each side of the great polished ma On each side of the great polished ma-hogany doors were large placents, printed in black and red, vividly illumi-nated by electric arc lights. These an-nounced that on that night Mr. Con-stantine Schuabe, M. P., would lecture on the recent discovery in Jerusalem, The title of the lecture, in staring black type, seemed to Mr. Byars as if it pos-sossed an almost physical power. It struck him like a blow.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHRISTIANITY. And then in smaller type.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM AN EXPLOD-

He walked on more hurriedly through the dark.

All over the district the Church seemed tottering. The strong forces of Unitarianism and Judalsm, always active enemies of the Church, were enpoying a mement of unexampled triumph. Led by near, ly all the westiny families in Walkertown, all the Dissenters and many lukewarm Church people were crowding to these same synagogues. At the very height of these perversons, when Christianity was forsworn and derided on all sides, Schuabe had returned to Mount Prospect from London.

His long-sustained position as head of the antichristian party in Parliament, in England indeed, his political connection with the place, his wealth, the ties of family and relationship, all combined to make him the greatest power of the moment in the North.

His speeches, of enormous power and force, were delivered daily and reported verbatim in all the newspapers. He became the Marlborough of a campaign.

On every side the churches were almost deserted. Day by day ominous political murmurs were heard in street and factory. The time had come, men were saywalked on more hurriedly through

deserted. hay by day ominous political murmurs were heard in street and factory. The time had come, men were saying, when an established priesthood and church must be forced to relinquish its emoluments and position. The Bishop of Manchester, as he rolled through the streets in his carriage, leaning back upon the cushions, lost in thought, with his jobs between his lips, according to the wont and custom which had almost created a scandal in the neighborhood, was hissed and hooted as he went on his way.

"Basil feels much stronger to-night, Father," she said. "He is dressing now, and will come down to supper. He wishes to have a long talk with you, he says." For two weeks Gortre had lain prostrate in the house of his future father-

felt it coming instinctively in some cu

Lord's divinity. It is simply a matter of long personal experience that gives you and me and Helena our confidence in this utter darkness. But in comparison to the rest of the world, how many have that confidence?" ord's divinity. It is simply a matter

to the rest of the world, how many have that confidence?"

He put down his pipe on the table and rested his head in his outstretched hands, a grey and venerable head. "It's awful. Basil," he said in a broken voice, and with his eyes full of tears. "In my old age I have seen this. I wish that I had gone with my dear wife. "Help, Lord, for the godly manceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." But what is so bitter to me, my dear both is the sight of the ufter overthrow of Faith. It all shows how terribly weak the majority of Christians are. Surface and symbol! symbol and surface!"

ce!"
"It will not last long," said Gortre,

"It will not last long," said Gortro, gravely. "For my part, Father, I think that this terrible trial is allowed and permitted by God to bring about a great and future triumph for His Son, which will marshal, organize and consolidate Fatth as nothing has ever done before. I am convinced of it."

"Yes, it must be that," answered the vicar; "undoubtedly that is God's purpose. But I would that the light might come in my time. And I fear I shall not live to see it. I'm an old man now, Basil; this has ned me very much, and I shall not live much longer. It is God's will, but it is hard to know that one will die seeing Christ dethroned in the hearts of men, the Cross broken."

"While I have been quietly unstairs," said Gortre, "many strange thoughts have come to me, of which I want to speak to you to-night. I have things to tell you which I have mentioned to no one as yet. But before I go into these matters—very dark and terrible ones, I fear—I want you to give me a resume of the position of things as they are now. The present state is not clear in my mind. I have not read many of the papers, and I want a sort of bird's-eye view of what is going on."

of His true followers, and we look forward in faith to our departure from the earthly tabernacle, which is dissolved day by day, knowing that we also have a spiritual house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

As he read the clever trimming article and marked the bitterness of its tone, the priest's fage grew red, with anger and contempt.

This faello-acceptance of the Great Horror, this insolent conversion of it to party ends, this illustration of the content of the cont

nausea, the vicar let himself into his are taking a horribly cynical view. They house with a latch key.
There was a hushed, subdued air over the warm, comfortable house, felt quite as no time to trouble great meeting of those of Christ died and crose and was to be held.
Report' had been is the forty hours of tything was already because your pale and won as if by thing was already because your pale and won as if by thing was already because your pale and won as if by the saway. To-morrow the uses speak to the world.

There was a hushed, subdued air over the defined to define. It was as though one tay dead in an upper chamber.

Mr. Byars turned into his study. Helena face was very pale and won as if by long vigils. Minute lines of care had the cycs, though the eyes themselves were as calm and stoadfast.

of secular unbellet.

"And, with the help of the united prayers of the faithful, We earnestly implore forgiveness for those who speak ovil of hely things.

something like a free field, all the control of the

those who have denied their Lord when this is over!"
"When will that be, Basil?" said the

"I believe that to me, of all men in England, The Hand of God has given

ing through his veins.

In a sudden, utterly unreasoning way, he saw a truth, a dertain knowledge, in Gortre's eyes which flooded his whole heart and soul with exaltation and joy. It is good and almost saintly face looked as John's might have looked when, after the octave of the Resurrection Day, the eight heavy-hearted men were once more returning to the daily round and common task, and saw the round and common task, and saw the Lord upon the shore,

counsel with Harold; he is

a man of the world. Together we will work to overthrow these devils."
"And meanwhile," answered Mr. Byars, with a despairing gesture, "meanwhile hope and faith are dying out of millions of hearts, men are turning to sinful pleasures unafraid, hopeless, desolate."
The strain had been too great, he was growing older; he bent his head on his hands, while the darkness crept into his soul.

CHAPTER IX.
PARTICULAR INSTANCES, CONTRASTING THE OLD LADY AND THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.
The long Manchester station was full of the sullen and almost unbearable roof escaping steam. Every now and again the noise ceased with a suddenter that was note and the proups of